

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

BY

GRIECE C. DUTT

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR *Shakespeare*

1ST EDITION

CALCUTTA

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LONDON T. FISHER UNWIN

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DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE,
WITH MY LOVE.



CONTENTS.

SONNETS.

	<i>Page</i>
I.—SONNET	3
II.—SONNET (AT THIRTY-FIVE)	4
III.—SONNET	5
IV.—SONNET	6
V.—SONNET	7
VI.—SONNET	8
VII.—SONNET (ON THE FLY-LEAF OF ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT)	9
VIII.—SONNET (REVELATIONS II. 17)	10
IX.—SONNET (PHILIPPIANS I. 29)	11
X.—SONNET	12
XI.—SONNET (DESPONDENCY)	13
XII.—SONNET	14
XIII.—SONNET (RELIGIOUS HOUSES)	15
XIV.—SONNET (continued)	16
XV.—SONNET (MALTA)	17
XVI.—SONNET (ON THE FLY-LEAF OF ELLIOT'S HORÆ APOCALYPTICA)	18
XVII.—SONNET	19
XVIII.—SONNET (A MISSION STATION)	20

	<i>Page</i>
XIX.—SONNET	2
XX.—SONNET (KHAN SAHEB'S HOUSE)	2
XXI.—SONNET (SANITATION—CALCUTTA)	2
XXII.—SONNET (TO FANCY)	2
XXIII.—SONNET	2
XXIV.—SONNET (PULGA TANK)	2
XXV.—SONNET (BLIGH SANDS)	2
XXVI.—SONNET (GIBRALTAR)	2
XXVII.—SONNET (TO * *)	2
XXVIII.—SONNET (ABOUKIR)	3
XXIX.—SONNET (BURRISAUŁ GUNS)	2
XXX.—SONNET	2
XXXI.—SONNET (CONVERT'S HOME —STREPT)	2
XXXII.—SONNET (TO ———)	2
XXXIII.—SONNET (BURRA BAZAR)	2
XXXIV.—SONNET (THE NEPALI PEASANT)	2
XXXV.—SONNET (OFF ADEN)	2
XXXVI.—SONNET (EX. CANNABIS INDICÆ)	2
XXXVII.—SONNET (NEAR GOA)	2
XXXVIII.—SONNET (THE WILKIE GALLERY)	2
XXXIX.—SONNET (ON A SMALL PINE-WOOD BOX)	2
XL.—SONNET	2
XLI.—SONNET (TO J. C.)	2
XLII.—SONNET	2
XLIII.—SONNET	2
XLIV.—SONNET	2

CONTENTS.

ix

	<i>Page</i>
XLV.—SONNET	47
XLVI.—SONNET	48
XLVII.—SONNET (BENARES)	49
XLVIII.—SONNET	50
XLIX.—SONNET (NEAR NYNEE THAL)	51
L.—SONNET	52
LI.—SONNET	53
• LII.—SONNET (CHINI IN KOONAWAR)	54
LIIL.—SONNET	55
LIV.—SONNET	56
LV.—SONNET	57
LVI.—SONNET (TERAI)	58
LVII.—SONNET	59
LVI.—SONNET (RAPIDS OF THE BALASUN)	60
LIX.—SONNET	61
LX.—SONNET (1858)	62
LXI.—SONNET	63
LXII.—SONNET	64
LXIII.—SONNET (IN SUMMER)	65
LXIV.—SONNET	66
LXV.—SONNET (SOURCE OF THE SONE)	67
LXVI.—SONNET	68
LXVII.—SONNET	69
LXVIII.—SONNET (SACONIALA)	70
LXIX.—SONNET (1871)	71
LXX.—SONNET (TO A DOVE)	72

	<i>Page</i>
NIX.—SONNET	21
XX.—SONNET (KHAN SAHEB'S HOUSE)	22
XXI.—SONNET (SANITATION—CALCUTTA)	23
XXII.—SONNET (TO FANCY)	24
XXIII.—SONNET	25
XXIV.—SONNET (PULTA TANK)	26
XXV.—SONNET (BLIGH SANDS)	27
XXVI.—SONNET (GIBRALTAR)	28
XXVII.—SONNET (TO * *)	29
XXVIII.—SONNET (ABOUKIR)	30
XXIX.—SONNET (BURRISAU GUNS)	31
XXX.—SONNET	32
XXXI.—SONNET (CONVERT'S HOME — STREET)	33
XXXII.—SONNET (TO —)	34
XXXIII.—SONNET (BURRA BAZAR)	35
XXXIV.—SONNET (THE NEPALI PEASANT)	36
XXXV.—SONNET (OFF ADEN)	37
XXXVI.—SONNET (EX. CANNABIS INDICÆ)	38
XXXVII.—SONNET (NEAR GOA)	39
XXXVIII.—SONNET (THE WILKIE GALLERY)	40
XXXIX.—SONNET (ON A SMALL PINE-WOOD BOX)	41
XL.—SONNET	42
XLI.—SONNET (TO J. C.)	43
XLII.—SONNET	44
XLIII.—SONNET	45
XLIV.—SONNET	46

CONTENTS.

ix

	<i>Page</i>
XLV.—SONNET	47
XLVI.—SONNET	48
XLVII.—SONNET (BENARES)	49
XLVIII.—SONNET	50
XLIX.—SONNET (NEAR NYNERE THAL)	51
L.—SONNET	52
LI.—SONNET	53
LII.—SONNET (CHINI IN KOONAWAR)	54
LIII.—SONNET	55
LIV.—SONNET	56
LV.—SONNET	57
LVI.—SONNET (TERAI)	58
LVII.—SONNET	59
LVIII.—SONNET (RAPIDS OF THE BALASUN)	60
LIX.—SONNET	61
LX.—SONNET (1858)	62
LXI.—SONNET	63
LXII.—SONNET	64
LXIII.—SONNET (IN SUMMER)	65
LXIV.—SONNET	66
LXV.—SONNET (SOURCE OF THE SONE)	67
LXVI.—SONNET	68
LXVII.—SONNET	69
LXVIII.—SONNET (SACOONTALA)	70
LXIX.—SONNET (1871)	71
LXX.—SONNET (TO A DOVE)	72

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	<i>Page</i>
ON AN OLD ROMAUNT	75
ABSENCE	78
REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL	80
THE SOONDERBUNS	83
THE NEEM TREE	87
THE BRIQUET	89
THE BAT	90
SHADOWS	91
A CHARADE	92
STANZAS	94
THE FRUIT STALL	97
THE WINDGW	99
THE LAMP	101
SOLITUDE	103
THE IGNIS FATUUS	105
THE SPARROW	107
ELK LODGE	109
SUNJOGTA	111
FIRE HUNTERS	114
A CHARADE	116
STANZAS	117
THE CHURCHYARD	119
SEE-SAW	121

CONTENTS.

xi

	<i>Page</i>
THE MIRAGE	123
SAMARSI	127
THE MEADOW GATE	129
LINES	131
STANZAS.	132
IN THE BUSH	133
THE WATER-ROOT	136
THE SUN-DIAL	137
STANZAS.	139
STANZAS.	140
NO 13, MANICKTOLLAH STREET	142
THE SOOPARI TREE	143
THE BELFRY	145
BOLTON ABBEY	147
THE MAID OF ROOPNAGORE	149
THE LANE	151
STANZAS.	153
STANZAS.	154
IN MEMORIAM	155
THE MILL	157
BLACK MAIL	159
SAM BOSE	161
THE TAJ MAHAL	163
LINES	165
DIE WEISZE FRAÜ	166 ^b
To ———	169

	<i>Page</i>
A PICTURE	171
BREES	173
A FAREWELL	175
ACROSS THE STEPPES	177
ON BOARD S.S. "RETRIBUTION"	179
LINES	180
RELICS	181
THE FORD	183
SITA	185
LE CHASSEUR NOIR	187
THE BROOK	189
BULLUMGHUR	191
WILD CATTLE	193
IN KENT	196
STANZAS	197
AN INCIDENT	199
COCO PALMS	201
AT SEA—NEAR PALOS	202
WATER FOWL	203
ON THE DAY OF LORD RIPON'S DEPARTURE	205
FAIRIES	207
THE RESSALDAR	209
ECHO	211
MARGARETE	213
NEAR SEONI	214
NOTES	215

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

SONNET.

‘**G**OD seeth all’ the Hebrew psalmist taught.
How dreadful that the Just and Holy One
Scans every moment what our hands have done,
Our hearts have nursed, our wayward feet have
sought!
Yet to the precious few who have been bought
With the dear Blood of His Eternal Son,
Who the white robe of righteousness have won,
Oh, heart-assuring and consoling thought!
Whate’er their guilt, whate’er their deeds have been,
Firm rests their faith on Him, nor fears to fall,
Though oft the accuser comes, unwatched, unseen,
To prompt a doubt, they feel God seeth all;
Deliberate is the love that deems them clean,
Without repentance are the gifts and call.

II.

SONNET.

(AT THIRTY-FIVE.)

The days of our years are three score years and ten.—PSALM XC 10.

AS visions sweet of old familiar trees,
Of English downs with sheep-cotes sprinkled
o'er,

Of toddling children by the school-house door,
Greet the lone whaler on Canadian seas,
What time, his cruise complete, the freshening breeze
Veers round his wave-worn bark for Albyn's shore,
And, though the surf chides loud off Labrador,
Awaken tender hopes, keen sympathies,
Even so sweet dreams of friends in raiment white

My spirit greet, though anxious fears chide near,
Dreams of great mansions warm with love and light,
Of golden harps and palms and waters clear,
Of angel heads bent meekly down to pray ;
Life's ship has veered ! I sail for home to-day !

III.

SONNET.

ON autumn eves I love in listless mood,
While yet the west retains its golden hue,
And the leaves whisper and the stars are few,
To saunter leisurely by lake and wood,
And mark the dorhawk and its tawny brood,
Half lost by distance to the aching view,
With restless wings and eager hum pursue
The drowsy beetle over plain and flood,
Or if perchance chill rains sweep down the dell,
By the warm hearth reclined, I love to hear
My true love read, in accents silvery clear,
(While ruffian blasts howl o'er the moors forlorn)
Of Jesus musing by the desert well,
Or sad Ruth gleaning in Judean corn.

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IV.

SONNET.

IN my life's morn where now a palace high
Rears its proud arches and pilasters light,
Enchased with costly stones of stainless white,
A lonely heath reposed, gorse-clad and dry ;
An aged Moslem owned a hut hard by,
A friend of legends store, whose nimble sight
Could oft, (men said), in lonely lanes by night
The fairy queen, and elfin court descry !
Blest morn of life ! sweet time of song and play !
What soul-felt joys were thine ! What blissful
dreams !
I long believed, from regions far away
Of pleasant shadows and purpereal gleams,
That old man's magic art could gems purvey,
As bright as frost-wreaths lit with morning beams !

V.

SONNET.

KEEP me apart in safe obscurity,
In closest covert hide my lowly nest,
And guide my footsteps, kindest Lord and best,
Through desert places to the realms on high,
For otherwise, so weak and frail am I,
Vain aims, ambitious hopes, shall cross my breast,
And I shall harbour schemes that breed unrest,
Forget Thy Name, and worldward drift and die.
In mercy grant no pitying face but Thine
To cheer my trembling soul in solitude,
And let the Life of Life in me and mine,
When clouds and darkness o'er the pathway brood,
Unnoticed burn, as burns at eve's decline
The hermit's taper in a pathless wood.

SONNET.

VI.

SONNET.

SHOULD I feel faint if in a neighbour's field
The good seed of the Word bears hundredfold,
Or if the talent which in trust we hold
In skilful hands ten times 'its value yield ?
I know not, but my lowly heart is steeled
Against all rivalry : I am not bold
In merit's race : my passive blood is cold.
Be Thou, O Lord, the weak one's strength and shield !
Like the broad cistern can the cup brim o'er,
And he who gained two pounds rejoicing went
To share Christ's bliss, with him who passed before.
Small though the increase be which God has sent
In mercy to my field and treasure store,
' I rest secure in hope and calm content.

SONNET.

VII.

SONNET.

(ON THE FLY-LEAF OF ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT.)

The shepherds then gave them the glass to look; they looked and saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.—
BUNYAN.

LONG had we roamed, with footsteps faint and frail,
To reach the land of joy and love and light ;
The wilderness was drear, and dark the night,
Sheep-track and ford lay wrapt in vapours pale ;
The floods had risen, and with an angry wail
Swept chafing over roots and boulders white ;
The lightning's gleam but mocked the aching sight,
And doleful murmurs filled the blustering gale.
Dear Guide, in seasonable hour thy lore,
Like the clear glass by wondering Christian seen,
Revealed the cheerful trees that shadow o'er
Beulah's trim orchard walks—the path serene
Of crystal waters, and the city door,
With dome and minaret crowned and foliage green.

VIII.

SONNET.

(REVELATION II. 17.)

OFT have I seen a pebble rough and dark,
 Made smooth by skilful hands with patient
 care,

Discover branching veins of beauty rare,
 And glorious bars, and specks like those which mark
 The downy breastplate of the dainty lark,

Or blending hues which safely may compare
 With those refracted, when the woods are bare,
 From trembling icicles, or from Iris' arc.

So shall my soul, Father of love and light,

Cleansed with atoning Blood, and heavenly Flame,
 Become a gem, though erst in woful plight,

And foul with sordid lust and selfish aim;
 A tablet smooth, heart-shaped, and gleaming white,
 Fit for the inscription of the Secret Name.

SONNET.

¶ 1

IX

SONNET.

(PHILIPPIANS I. 29.)

MEEK snowdrops, couriers of auspicious spring,
Ye who with faithfulness from day to day,
Like hardy veterans in close array,
Brave the rude buffets of the north-wind's wing ;
Ye who with loyal trust tenacious cling,
In rain and frost, upon the parent spray,
And wait, in hope assured, May's genial sway,
Strength to my soul in peril's hour ye bring.
For ye the lowliness and courage high,
The stern resolve, the constancy of mood
Of suffering Christians aptly typify—
Christians close-linked in love and brotherhood,
Like those who side by side at Philippi
Bare the world's hate with noble fortitude.

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X.

SONNET.

A MIGHTY thrill of rapture stirred my heart
When from the Bosphorus, arrayed in light,
The Sultan's city started up to sight ;
Spire, column, terrace, street and crowded mart,
Seemed fairer far than aught enchanter's art
Called up in yore. Far off like sea-gulls white,
Winging through sun and shade their restless flight,
A hundred glancing sails appeared to meet and part ;
I gazed, and thought if joy like mine is found
From earthly sight in hearts benumbed with care,
What are *their* transports who for Zion bound,
With angel guides, first see in upper air
The groves of massy foliage, minarets tall,
The everlasting dome and golden wall.

XI.

SONNET.

DESPONDENCY.

I FEEL like one unnerved by keen distress,
I care not either to converse or pray,
My soul seems duller than the senseless clay,
And vague distorted dreams my brain possess,
My very thoughts o'ercome by Idleness,
Forbear disheartened to expand or play,
And, like an oilless lamp, with lambent ray,
My Faith, ah woe is me ! shines less and less ;
Yet once bright Hopes and stedfast Aims were mine,
And Fancies jocund as the gales of spring,
And sage Content that made my face to shine,
And Industry best charm for sorrow's sting.
Oh Christ ! in mercy hear a sinner's cry,
Renew my inward man before I die.

XII.

SONNET.

As the caged linnet, though on dainties fed,
Turns wild with joy and beats the ruthless
bars,

When the faint perfumè from the market cars
Of ripened fruit at early morn is shed ;
Or when a fleecy cloud appears o'erhead,
And tells, 'mid London's smoke and deafening jars,
Of chasing shadows over downs and scaurs,
And reaper bands by rich^d sheaves islanded,—
Even so my heart, though here my pathway lies
Through pleasant places, bounds with wild delight,
When in the prophecy of prophecies
I reach the realms that know not joyless night,
Where healing leaves a chequered shadow fling,
'And crystal waters from the white throne spring.

XIII.

SONNET.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

IN evil times, when Tyranny and Wrong
Ravaged the world, and men forsook the way
Of holy Love indecently to stray
Through sloughs impure, when whip and twisted
thong,
And dungeons deep, coerced the hapless throng
Of serfs, that groaned beneath the baron's sway,
When haughty Ignorance in wanton play
Neglected Art, and checked the tide of song,
The ancient monasteries to every eye
By lurid fumes of Passion undefiled¹
Seemed with their rites sublime, their altars high,
Their tonsured retinues of brethren mild,
Like spots of verdure amid deserts dry,
Or islands blest begirt by waters wild.

XIV.

SONNET.

(Continued.)

FOR there from godless violence and lust
The timid virgin found a refuge sure,
The high-born orphan 'lay from harm secure,
Though sore bested by relatives unjust,
The weary merchant tortured by mistrust,
When sunset died obtained a perfect cure
For every ill that traffickers endure,
Who visit realms with rude despoilers curst ;
And sometimes there, though Riot ruled the state,
The careful student mused on lofty themes,
And learnt from Holy Writ to estimate
As foul and vain, Ambition's gilded schemes,
Or with unclouded brows and mind sedate,
'Explored the schoolmen's light fantastic dreams.

XV.

SONNET.

MALTA.

HOW oft our souls, against the senses, dare
Link opposite extremes ! When first my sight
Met Malta's coast, the wayward sea shone bright,
Thataves her terraced cliffs and headlands fair :
While her tall steeples, carved with skilful care,
Her zig-zag ramparts, and her villas white,
Superbly varnished by the noonday light,
Gleamed like pure silver in the smokeless air :
But O ! their lustre to my inward eye,
Was a weird mirror in whose depths again,
It summoned boldly from the years gone by,
The dismal shore obscured by ceaseless rain,
And the dark rollers topped with livid foam,
That Paul encountered on his way to Rome.

SONNET.

*XVI.

SONNET.

ON THE FLY LEAF OF ELLIOT'S HORÆ APOCALYPTICÆ.

I. COR. II. 9.

A CAREWORN mourner on the earth, the soul,
Has no conception of the joys that wait,
The ransomed Church beyond the pearly gate,
By life's unfading tree, its destined goal ;
The glorious Future is a mystic scroll,
And none of Adam's race, or small or great,
May in the torpor of this dim estate
The lofty secrets of its text unroll :
E'en to the wise the words that St. John wrote
(Oh hard obdurate heart unapt to hear,)
Sound fainter than the vagrant cuckoo's note
Sounds 'mid the glaciers to the mountaineer,
When first the breeze breathes soft from vales remote,
And snowdrops pale, in sheltered clefts appear.

XVII.

SONNET.

BARONIAL walls which lofty elms embower,
 Rich summer fruits, and waters sparkling clear,
 Smooth-shaven lawns, where browseth the dappled deer,
 A ~~stone~~ soft veined, a song, an opening flower,
 Colours and leaves, can stir my heart with power ;
 And there are trees and streams in Paradise,
 And fruits and leaves, and gems of dazzling dyes
 Far-stretching wall, and gate, and guarded tower
 But not for these in sadness here I pine,
 For these my spirit frets not to be free,
 But where hymns rise, and angel faces shine,
 There do I yearn in spirit, silently,
 To stand and gaze upon His eyes benign,
 Whose heart felt pity for a worm like me.

XVIII.

SONNET.

(A MISSION STATION.)

BLEST be the hands that reared with patient skill
 This seemly chapel by the brooklet's fall,
 These trim-kept orchards, barns, and homesteads
 small,
 And devious gravel walks o'er slope and hill,
 That girdled with smooth stepping-stones the rill,
 And fenced the pastures with a leafy wall
 Of closely-planted palms and poplars tall,
 Where timid herds securely range at will.
 For God works surely with the meek, the true,
 Who spite of weak beginnings lack not power
 To hope and pray—who in the swart seed view
 The glorious hues that flush the dainty flower;
 Whose living faith in heathen men descry
 White-vested kings, and priests that never die

XIX.

SONNET.

O DEEM him not the sport of carking care,
Or sullen humours, or distractions rude,
A hardened wretch, upon whose bosom brood
Mistrustful pride, and 'leaden-eyed' despair,
Who lays in sorest straits his counsels bare
To God alone ; who covets solitude—
Whose soul disdains, with stubborn hardihood,
The amaranth crown with mortal help to wear.
His are ripe hopes who waits on none save God,
And joys serene, undimmed by earthly stains.
I often see (rambling at eve abroad
In golden autumn, over hills and plains)
Pure waters well in clefts which men ne'er trod,
And luscious berries lurk in lonely lanes.

X X

SONNET.

(KHAN SAHIB'S HOUSE, NEAR COLLEGE SQUARE.)

A PERSIAN'S mansion, near the Vacool trees,
That bound the College green, with its array
Of Ethiop porters, oft in boyhood's day,
When Fancy wove the subtlest webs with ease,
Recalled the age when Sinbad ploughed the seas,
With bales of spicery from far Cathay.
It was a stately pile of granite grey,
With carved pilasters, and quaint balconies.
Exotic plants with gaudy blossoms starred
Its terraces ; a marble dolphin flung
In the wide court, a limpid column high ,
The windows of the upper rooms were barred,
But through the lattice-work, with creepers hung,
Glanced now and then an arm, or lustrous eye,

SONNET.

XXI.

SONNET.

SANITATION—CALCUTTA.

THE waste shall blossom like the cultured rose,
And stagnant tanks, half choked with weeds
unclean,
Or fetid mire shall vanish from the scene,
Like volant mists, or winter's faithless snows,
Instead of squalid huts shall ordered rows
Of villas white appear, with windows green,
If once, when Duty calls with accents keen,
The people wake refreshed by long repose ;
Witness the wondrous reclamation wrought
A league to eastward within twelve years' space,—
The chosen swamp,—(erst deemed a worthless plot,)
That shines embellished with Arcadian grace,
Where orchards vast bespeak a fruitful soil,
And plenteous harvests crown the peasant's toil.

XXII.

SONNET..

TO FANCY.

MY queen of excellence beyond compare !
 My fairy godmother whose wand of might
 Transmutes the darkness of my path to light,
 And makes waste places bloom like gardens fair !
 By whom befriended I defy Despair,
 And revel, habited in raiment white
 Of wooed thoughts as delicate as bright,
 On all that life affords of rich or rare !
 May never adverse Fate or evil will,
 Seduce my spirit to desert thy side,
 But while existence holds may Friendship still,
 A bond like linked steel 'twixt us provide,
 May not e'en Doubt my loyalty defile !
 Or dim the sunshine of thy placid smile !

XXIII.

SONNET.

WHAT blissful sleep allays each rising fear !
How deep the sense of confidence I feel !

When night arrives on Time's revolving wheel,
To steep in gloom these woods and moor-lands drear
Or from the silver moon's refulgent sphere,

To strew pale beams, that doubtfully reveal
The broken road, the pool like burnished steel,
If but my watch-dog's guardian voice I hear :

Meek, playful, docile, but of courage high,
And matchless strength combined with wakefulness,
My mastiff bids each grisly terror fly,

That comes unseen to work the soul distress,
What time he chides the clock with deep-mouthed
bark,

Or bays the wolves that haunt my wooded park.

XXIV.

SONNET.

THE GREAT TANK AT PULITA.

COOL reservoir of purest lymph, while day
Is yet unconscious of the heat of noon,
Or when at evening the full-orbed moon
Lines twilight's sombre tints with neutral grey,
And buds, that decorate the night display
Their balmy bosoms to the breeze of June,
The townsman deems it Fortune's kindest boon
With lazy steps along thy marge to stray;
Nor can he e'er for apathy be led,
To quell the secret hunger of his soul,—
(To wit,—with palms joined duly overhead,)
To plunge into thy crystal calm, and roll
For long a reveller o'er depths profound,
Careless alike of time and all things round.

XXV.

SONNET.

BLIGH SANDS.

IF thy soul joys to watch the swelling sail,
When the dark hull is scarce discerned from
land,
Or from a cliff, whose base on either hand,
Breasts the green swell that harbingers a gale,
To hear the curlew's cry, the wild swan's wail,
Echoed from reedy isles that skirt the strand,
What time at eve, o'er rock and darkening sand,
The lonely light-house flings its radiance pale ;
Or if wide spreading downs thy spirit please,
And purple hills o'er which the spires and vanes
Of some proud manor rise, half hid by trees,
To whose thick branches the sea breeze complains
In whispers hoarse—O, feast thy sight and heart
On this fair fruit of Turner's matchless art.

XXVI.

SONNET.

GIBRALTAR.

THE flag that here floats proudly in the air,
The silent warders on the ramparts white,
The guns that hide in sheltered nooks from sight,
Or from the seaward scarp, their chosen lair,
Gaze on the waters with a stedfast stare,
The rock-cut embrasures ablaze at night,
The mole—the ships—the keep's commanding
height,
All speak of stern resolve, and watchful care.
For leagued in arms should Europe rise once more,
To question on this steep the Lion's reign,
Swift must the deadly hail of battles pour,
As on the day when baffled France and Spain
Beheld their vaunted ships in flames ashore,
Or drifting helpless on the stormy main.

XXVII

SONNET

TO

UNMOVED by fears through life's drear waste to go,
 Is thine oh lady of the downcast eyes,
 For thine the settled Will, the Hopes that rise
 From lavish Faith ; how smooth the tranquil flow
 Of thy calm hours. What fragrant blossoms grow
 In the fair garden of thy mind that lies •
 Fenced with pure thoughts, whose stedfast strength
 defies •

The fitful gusts, our fiercest passions blow :
 And they who mark thy unobtrusive grace,
 Thy saintly pensiveness, thy modest pride,
 Oft to the raptured heart the vision call,
 Of Mary watching by the manger's side,
 Or Eve, in Eden, ere the primal fall,
 Serene and silent in a shady place.

XXVIII.

SONNET.

ABOUKIR.

THE fleet made Egypt as the sun went down,
Fringing the golden West with crimson flame,
And as its dauntless chief resolved to claim
That night from France her wreath and beaming
crown
By Bequier's frowning cape and sand-pits brown,
With swelling sail in loose array it came,
Baffling with matchless skill, the foeman's aim,
Its beacon light, Britannia's past renown.
Then rose in air the battle's dreadful roar,
The guns flashed fiercely from each blood-stained
deck
And hurtling fragments vast o'er sea and shore,
The grand explosion rent the Orient's wreck,
While Justice smiled, as spread the lurid glare,
To see that France lay prostrate in despair.

. XXIX.

SONNET.

BURRISAUŁ GUNS.

MYSTERIOUS sounds come swooning o'er the
plain,

In this wild region like the cannon's roar,

Or dash of breakers on a rocky shore,

That breasts the fury of the stormy main,

Although no thunder-clouds the welkin stain,

And the faint wind scarce curls the lakelet's floor,

To thrill the hardy caltrop's blossoms hoar,

Hid close mid graceful tufts of tasselled cane ;

These are the sounds of blows the genii knock,

(Say some) in Padalon in anger dire,

Against the gates of adamantinēock

That guard the prisons of eternal fire ;

Yet the hind hears them with a tempered fear,

For they betoken that the rains are near.

xxx.

SONNET.

THERE is a natural chapel on the hill
Near Dymok, worthier far than aught,
For solemn worship, mortal hands have wrought,
A grotto green with moss, secure and still
Fast by its portal sweeps a sparkling rill
Of lucid waters, by the small birds sought,
When fervid June with bluebells paints the spot,
And joyous songs the listening hawthorns thrill.
Like the low harmony of morning dreams,
The wind there murmurs through an old oak tree,
And light, as solemn as a church besecms,
Falls at high noon, through green leaves, placidly,
Pensive and holy as the light that gleams,
In the lone caves beneath the roaring sea.

XXXI.

SONNET.

CONVERT'S HOME. — - STREET.

THE humblest minnow in its native stream,
 Breasting the freshets, or at careless play,
 Where stones and dancing flags the tide delay,
 I hold more lovely than the shoals that gleam
 In radiant globes of crystal, though they seem
 Like living gems, or elves in loose array,
 Whose polished brigandines and gorgets gay,
 Flash back with usury the pale moon's beam :
 The hardy snowdrop that untended blows,
 By hedgerow paths, when winter rules the sky
 I deem too, sweeter than the hot-house rose,
 That droops dejected at the north-wind's sigh,
 And thus these lofty walls, this verdant close,
 I pass to-day, nor feel my heart swell high.

SONNET.

XXXII.

SONNET.

TO ———

ON cloudless eyes lone sitting on the ground
By the brook's marge, beneath the willows green,
Or by my cottage fire when winds are keen,
Listening with careless ear the light rain sound
Against the panes, or tracing chasms profound,
Rocks, towns, and trees the glowing bars between,
When I contrast, O Friend, thy life serene
With the rude discord of the world around,
Thee with a land-locked haven I compare,
That sleeps unruffled when wild tempests blow,
Or a lone palm amid the deserts bare,
Whose ripened nuts in golden clusters glow,
Or yet a lighted window when the air
Is filled at night with drifting wreaths of snow.

XXXIII

SONNET.

BURRA BAZAR.

THROUGH crowded alleys which o'erhead display
 A tortuous seam of pure unclouded sky,
 Past groups of glorious mosques and pagods high,
 And bubbling basins crowned with garlands gay,
 Oft, ere the school-bell rang, this dim archway
 I sought in youth (how swift Time courses by !)
 For top, or ball, or beads of gaudy dye,
 Or haply, dreams of times long past away :
 In sooth, a fitter spot to realize
 The days when Bagdad held Al Raschid dear,
 Is not on earth ; for bales of goodly size,
 Embroidered & jewelled dirks lie here,
 And in the stalls arrayed in turbans green,
 White-bearded men with amber pipes are seen.

XXXIV.

SONNET.

THE NEPALI PEASANT.

NURSED with the eagle's brood, afar from men,
 A simple hind, the hardy mountaineer
 Lives on wild herbs and waters sparkling clear
 And chestnuts gathered in the bosky glen ;
 Yet is he happy as the lonely wren
 Warbling by fits her hymns of lofty cheer,
 At shut of eve on Kaachun's summit drear,
 Hid in her nest from blasts and human ken ;
 Nor lacks he patriot zeal to keep his land
 Of snow and fog and chasms yawning wide,
 From foreign insult,—witness that bold band
 Of England's sons, who, vainly struggling, died—
 Urged to the contest by the rash command
 Of careless rulers—by Gillespie's side.

XXXV.

SONNET.

OFF ADEN.

THE helpful lascar scans with ravished eye,
The hardy fisher's unpretending cot,
On this stupendous coast where trees are not,
But grim volcanic cliffs, abrupt and dry ;
For 'tis his faith that Labor may defy
Nature's worst frowns,—that hearts with courage
fraught,
Find in the roughest waste,—the sternest spot,
Enough our vital wants to satisfy ;
And oft when leisure serves, he gaily notes
The simple implements that lie around
Its rough built walls—nets, jars, and bamboo-floats
With strips of pliant cane securely bound,
Or marks the thin smoke from its roof aspire,
Like a dull snake devoid of strength and fire.

XXXVI.

SONNET.

EXTR : CANNABIS INDICA.

THIS magic dust can wake to ecstasy
The toil-worn sense, and banish irksome care,
Yea, rive the iron chain of fixed despair,
And waft the spirit, buoyant—hopeful—free,
O'er earth and ocean's wide immensity,
To Dreamland's distant strand, on wings of air :
Wouldst thou have visions exquisite and rare ?
Taste it, and lo ! thy wondering eyes shall see
Rich wreaths of vivid green, and silver bells,
Fair laughing brows which sparkling coins adorn,
Great groups of pendent spars, and red-lipped shells,
And fairy flowers, such as the frost at morn
Paints on the gleaming panes with fingers white
And broad colures, and bars of golden light.

XXXVII.

SONNET.

NEAR GOA.

I LOVE this churchyard by the voiceful sea,
With its low wall, its heaps of mouldered stone
Its shattered urns, its effigies o'erthrown,
Its velvet turf, its gloomy banyan-trec,
Its timid bats that flit mysteriously
Like ghosts at nightfall, and its bell whose tone
Reminds the pilgrim as he plods alone,
That Time glides onward to Eternity :
For here they rest, whose patient fortitude,
Delivered Xavier from the heathen's hand,
Who fought with Albuquerque the pirates rude,
Of wild Socotra, girt with surf and sand,
Who watched the needle undepressed by fear,
In stedfast Gam's bark, when rocks loomed near.

XXXVIII.

SONNET.

THE WILKIE GALLERY

SUBLIME at need,—minute as were of yore,
 The Flemish Masters, Wilkie stands apart
 Among our artists for consummate art;
 'Tis his, with matchless grace to ope the door
 Of household sympathies ; he dares explore
 Passion's extremest moods, and keenly dart,
 Through the dim chambers of a careworn heart,
 Light, on what nestles at its inmost core :
 Witness "The Breakfast," with its gleaming tray,
 Its cheerful parlour, and its table spread
 With homespun damask, white as mountain snow,
 And witness too the monk's despairing woe
 In "The Confession," as convulsed with dread,
 He grasps his elder's hand to kneel and pray.

XXXIX. .

SONNET.

ON A SMALL PINE-WOOD BOX.

WHEN parching winds blow fierce from tropic seas,
And my soul faints with heat and glaring
light,

The magic perfume of this casket white,
Transports me far to Simla's shady trees :
I hear the murmur of the golden bees,
Now lost in flowers, now glancing back to sight,
And the wren's whistle on the lonely height,
And harvests rustling in the autumn breeze.
Above, around, start grove and hawthorn brake,
And peaceful homes, and spots of open sky,
Bright as the glimpses of a winding lake,
Pure, blue, transparent, sleeping silently,
Embosomed among mountains that partake
The boundless desert's deep tranquillity.

XL.

SONNET.

I SEE fair figures in my dreams at night,
Such as Murillo's heaven-taught pencil drew.
Faces irradiate with the holy dew
Of innocence—a music exquisite,
Like that which Zephyr wakes with fingers light,
From harp Æolian for Titania's crew,
When autumn leaves the forest paths bestrew,
Floats round these visions as they swim to sight,
I see Rebecca by the fountain's side,
Meek Ruth amid the reapers walking slow,
Fair Rachel frowning in her beauty's pride,
Sad Hannah in the temple's portico;
The Virgin musing at sweet eventide,
And my own mother dear, in robes of snow.

XLI.

SONNET.

TO J C.

DEAR friend, meek traveller in the narrow way !
Thou that with lowly heart and faithfulness
Careless of good report and ill—dost press
Thy journey forward to the realms of day .
Thou that like Sarah casting care away, .
Hast left friends, mother, childhood's peaceful home
And with thy cross outside the gate hast come,
God be thy strength and guide, thy shield and stay !
Oh, may I see thee, when the swelling cry
Of thronging myriads on each shore and isle
Proclaims the Bridegroom's advent from the sky,
(While white-robed angels march in endless file),
In joyous welcome 'er the crowd lift high,
Thy brightly-burning lamp with tearful smile !

XLII.

SONNET.

A POOL surnamed the wood nymph's looking-
glass,
Adorns the bosom of a tranquil vale,
Its shoals of fish like elves in silver mail
Sport undisturbed,—its slopes of velvet grass,
That in trim beauty smoothest lawns surpass,
Are edged with graceful groups of nymphaeas pale,
And lithe ratans that flout the faintest gale,
And shine like rods of brightly polished brass :
A single homestead, a quaint ivied cot,
With its old oak and barn and byre stands near
This lovely tarn, and testifies the spot,
To russet-robed Simplicity's dear ;
And in this Eden 'twas my gracious lot
To dwell secluded for one happy year.

XLIII.

SONNET.

‘O UR sorest trials, our severest woes,
Are nothing to the glory that shall be’
So spake the foremost, truest soldier—he
Who fought for Christ, with more than mortal foes,
Who near his chequered life’s pathetic close
Rejoiced to fall, and cross in hand to die,
Oh, mighty faith, that could the mystery
Of life resolve and sordid fears compose!
What hopes, what dreams were his! what visions
bright
Of things we long for! plumes, and glistening wings,
‘And bands of worshippers arrayed in white,
And watered gardens, and unfailing springs,
And bridal mirth, and kings with offerings sweet,
By guarded gate and stream and shady street.

XLIV.

SONNET.

HOW sweet 'twere here an anchorite to dwell,
Here in the presence of this white cascade
To muse at noon beneath this grateful shade,
With bead and crucifix to haunt this cell ;
Fresh wholesome fruits to gather in the dell,
At early morn what time broad lights invade
The dew-gemmed coverts of the peaceful glade,
And listening silence broods o'er rock and fell ; -
With solemn cheer to mark at eve on high
The stars leap forth, to lie on this smooth stone
Strewed with crisp leaves, and hear the owl's cry
Borne on the breeze from crag and cavern lone,
Or close in balmy sleep the languid eye,
Lulled by the deep-voiced Teesta's soothing tone.

XIV.

SONNET.

LIKE a great temple built to Nature's God,
Kanchun uprears his stately form in air;
A crown of stainless snow, his turrets wear,
And virgin forests o'er the basement nod.
No tourist seeks him, but the fissures broad
That trench his ample side, the glaciers bright
On his wide slopes, are sacred to my sight;
The ground on which he stands is sainted sod.
When life hangs heavy, and sharp cares and woes
Vex the smooth current of my tranquil mind,
While sunset bathes his loftiest cone in light,
How often peaceful thoughts and calm delight,
And soothing hopes, and sadness mild I find,
In his rich colours and his still repose!

XLVI.

SONNET.

MY Alpine villa on Himaven's brow,
 A prospect wide commands of vale and hill
 Green sunny pastures, and meand'ring rill,
 Dark dwindled woods, and blank untrodden snow ;
 Cool bracing breezes round it freely blow,
 And naught disturbs the slumber soft and still
 That laps the grounds, save when with tunefull bill
 Her song the stock-dove trills in accents low.
 Hard by, the Guardian Genius of the place,
 A lonely pinetree by a noiseless stream,
 Its massy foliage lifts with matchless grace,
 Fit canopy from scorching noonday beam,
 For Dian, panting from the toilsome chase,
 Or lonely poet lost in mazy dream.

XLVII.

SONNET.

BENARFS.

BROAD stairs that lead down to the water's side,
 Huge images of stone, and temples wrought
 By Zeal directed by artistic thought,
 The swart ascetic full of wrathful pride,
 And bands of bathers near the sacred tide,
 By restless conscience from each province brought,
 Were all that first the startled vision caught,
 As from the ghaut our barge commenced to glide :
 The scene was such as once Persepolis
 Or mighty Babylon to prophets gave ;
 A lurid grandeur that spake not of bliss,
 Clothed every object and rehearsed this stave,
 Avert thine eyes, although it seems so fair,
 The town is cursed, Jehovah's wrath is there.

XLVIII.

SONNET.

SLEEP, though the shadow of grim-visaged Death,
Is yet the symbol of Eternal Rest,—
The golden recompense that crowns the blest,—
When incense-like exhales the parting breath,
And flesh its fateful harvest gathereth
In endless loss,—else wherefore in the breast,
(By its Lethean influence possessed,)
The sense of sin dissolves that tortureth ;
And as our bodies strive from day to day
By sleep to nullify the ills of toil,
Even so our spirits momentarily betray,
An ardent thirst to reach that happy soil,
Where sleep is rest, but not forgetfulness,
And work a joy, as pure as fathomless.

XLIX.

SONNET.

NEAR NYNEF THAL.

HOW rich the prospect from this moss-grown seat !
The vine-clad cottage in the warm recess
Shines like a palm-tree of the wilderness,
When lone Arabia pants with torrid heat.
Below, where from the lake the hills retreat,
And the wild strawberry woos the sun's caress,
How calm the cattle lie—how motionless !
Lulled by faint warblings from Deoban's feet.
How smooth the fields appear by yonder rill,
Where 'neath the shelter of an old oak tree,
'Mid snow-white sheep, on green turf lazily,
His rod in hand, the patient angler lies,
Arch, innocent, with ruddy cheeks, and eyes
Like its translucent pools serene and still.

L.

SONNET.

LANDOUR I saw when winter ruled the sky ;
Fled were the laughing flowers, the lonely
wren

Warbled its music to the listening glen,
Tender and low as lover's first-born sigh
O'er frowning crags, o'er pine-trees towering high,
East, west, and north, as far as eye could ken,
O'er leafless woods, deep chasms, and homes of men,
The soft white snows, suntipt, shone placidly.
The groves were bare, yet thus, in white robes drest,
Landour was lovely as a May-day queen,
Secure, warm, silent as the martin's nest,
Half hid by lichen'd rocks and alders green,
What time the clouds shroud Colver's ample breast,
And northern winds in Deyrah's groves pipe keen.

LI.

SONNET.

I DREAMT I stood beside proud Jericho,
And saw the sight of Timæus' son restored,
And heard him bless with loud acclaim the Lord,
And marked the high procession moving slow
Up market-place and street ; strange heavy woe
" Pressed on my soul, I longed for one kind word
From those dear lips ; but on the people poured
Heedless and shouting ; when in accents low,
Sudden I heard the Lord my name call o'er,
And then with hope I felt my heart endowed,
And reckless of the tumult and uproar,
And the mad jostlings of the eager crowd,
I rushed with grateful worship to adore,
And fell down at His feet and wept aloud.

LII.

SONNET.

CHINI IN KOONAWAR.

WHERE rugged Meru frowns with brow austere,
Like a soft strain of soothing harmony,
By discord rude, beneath a glorious sky,
Warm, azure, radiant, exquisitely clear,
With granite ramparts in her front and rear,
Lies lonely Chini ! The wild cuckoo's cry
Rings through her spicy groves incessantly,
And plenteous harvests crown her genial year.
Bounded by pine-woods dark, in clover dight,
Or in gay fern and purple heath arrayed,
Her pastures small, by contrast apposite,
Seem fairy islands with rich gems inlaid,
Rising 'mid gloomy seas, or circlets bright
Of stationary sunshine, set in shade.

LIII.

SONNET.

WHEN God gives Peace all difficulties fail
To shake the placid bosom's equipoise,
For neither wrong nor strife nor hateful noise
Dares then the soul with agony assail,
Or blanch the lips, or make the cheeks turn pale;
While vague presentiments, whose breath destroys
The fragile ornaments that hope employs
To deck the hours, no more o'er faith prevail
And thus, from my lone nook, though sick and worn,
With joy each eve I watch the first star crown
The distant palm grove, or see slowly borne,
By viewless air across the meadows brown,
The vagrant gossamer from thistles torn,
Or filmy tuft of dandelion's down

LIV.

SONNET.

FAIR to these eyes appears the Spanish maid,
The proud Castilian of queenly air,
With dimpled arms, brown cheeks, and raven hair
Fairer the Highland shepherdess, arrayed
In Scotland's best, tight belt and tartan-plaid,
With airy brows, neat wrists, and ancles bare,
But fairest far of all,—beyond compare,—
The Indian girl, lithe-limbed and slightly made :
Upon her dainty lips how fresh the rose !
How smooth her forehead's meek placidity !
What latent lightnings in her eyes repose !
How rich her bosom's bounteous symmetry !
A waist like hers, not even Hebe shows !
Nor smiles so sweet, the blithe Euphrosyne !

L.V

SONNET.

FROM a deep rift in slate 'mid Ankhee's snows
Gunga leaps up indignant to the light,
A boisterous torrent, decked with foam-balls white
In endless clusters on her dauntless brows ;
The solid rock beneath her ceaseless blows
Throbs to the centre.—but soon spent with fight,
She seeks a placid lake, like silver bright,
And sinks exhausted to a calm repose. *
Reissuing thence her docile waves pursue,
Down the broad vale, their course with tranquil
mien,
O'er pebbles streaked with veins of softest hue,
Shaking the laughing flowers and alders green,
And tufts of holly, moist with gleaming dew,
Where wrens close nestle when the blast is keen.

I VI.

SONNET

TERAI—DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE HILLS.

THE arching alders with dank moisture shone—
Above, around, the wild vine, as I past,
Waved in slow cadence to the fever blast,
Sweeping in fitful gusts with languid moan.
The thick white mist on mouldering stem and stone,
As evening closed, a fearful shroud rolled fast,
The blinding darkness round her mantle cast,
And quenched my hopes ere half the woods were won
A dip! a rise! clean vanished mist and shade,
And blissful Eden swam at once to sight!
Clear tops of distant hills, a smiling glade,
And modest farms, blue skies, and pastures bright,
And terraced slopes with grass and flower inlaid,
Bathed in a flood of autumn's golden light.

LVII.

SONNET.

The flora of the Himalayas, and indeed of all great mountain chains within the tropics, is most varied and extensive.—*Hooker's Journal*

ON Teesta's slopes bloom flowers of every clime.
The golden cistus and the "rath primrose,"

The dainty crocus, white as Alpine snows,
The azure cyebright and the fragrant thyme,
Daisies as pure as stars in autumn prime ;
And wild musk-roses whose soft leaves expose

A lovelier crimson than the blush that glows
At early morn on Kanchun's crest sublime ;
Blue speedwells, and laburnums burning red,

And lilies proud, brimful of chaste disdain,
And pansies barred with lines of blackest dye,
And kingcups tender as the evening sky,
And snowdrops pale, "that hang the pensive head"
Lowly and meek as weeping Madeleine.

LVIII.

SONNET.

RAPIDS OF THE BALASUN.

HOW would they wrong thy nature, lonely stream,
Who, judging from these leaps, these chidings
wild,

Would think thee restless as a moody child
Tortured with burning pain and feverish dream ;
For past these falls, mute as the voiceless steam
Wafted from meadows after rain-falls mild,
Thou creep'st with opposition reconciled,
A thread of silver, or a lone sunbeam.
On autumn eves, when faint the north-wind blows,
O'er the bleak moors, by leafless covert-side,
E'en the wren's warble suits not thy repose ;
O'er mossy stones so soft thy waters glide,
White nurseling of Dewdanga's stainless snows,
Joy of the woods, the waste savannah's pride.

I IX.

SONNET.

ONE week at least I must have seen thy face,
 My mother ! for thou wert called away
 To the blest mansions of eternal day
 The seventh morn from my birth but oh no trace,
 Remembrance harbours of that queenly grace
 That friends report was thine , not e'en in play,
 Dares nimble Fancy with light touch essay,
 To limn thy features for a moment's space
 Although in every state, or good or ill,
 In careless moments, as when cares oppress,
 I feel the blessings hover round me still,
 Thy lips invoked with solemn tenderness
 On thy new-born : That Christ vouchsafed to me,
 Thy countenance benign again to see !

LX

SONNET.

(1858.)

W HILL ruthless wars around our cities roll,
And marts re-echo the wild cry of fear,
Far from all noise by Teesta's current clear,
" Oh for the magic dish and beechen bowl !
The hermit's life, from childhood, was the goal
Of all my thoughts,—but now the joys severe
Of the lone cell, hemmed in by mountains drear,
With double power attract my longing soul.
How sweet, while moonlight silvers wood and lawn,
To 'sleep with upward face,' or pipe at ease ;
Or to cull simples ere the meek-eyed dawn
Hath edged with burning gold the green-robed
trees ;
Or yet to rove in valleys far withdrawn,
Cheered by the linnet's song and whispering breeze.

LXI

SONNET.

'TIS sweet at sea reclined on deck to view,
 The sea-birds hover to attain the crest
 Of some lone rock, round which the tranquil breast
 Of ocean, glimmers like a shield of blue;
 Or watch the fisher in his light canoe,
 When Hesperus, (Eve's eldest born and best,)
 Has lit his circlet in the rosy west,
 With swelling sail afar his course pursue;
 Or if green isles lie near, where men abide,
 To note such simple signs of rural life,
 As lines of fences amid meadows wide,
 Or lusty herds engaged in playful strife
 By barn and byre o'er which with rapid flight,
 Dense flocks of pigeons wheel, like cloudlets white.

LXII.

SONNET.

PROMOTION comes not from the East or West.

Though opportunities serve all, yet they,
Who are God's instruments alone betray
The keen perception by Achievement blest :
What troops of children, since Tea stood confessed
A soothing comforter, have watched in play
The massive urn's close-fitted lid give way
By the rude might of heated vapour prest !
Yet was it given to *one* patient child,
As by his mother's side he marked the steam
From the bright urn ascend in spirals wild,
By just deduction in his mind to scheme
That wondrous engine's rudimental plan,
Which lightens labor in the world for man.

LXIII.

SONNET.

IN SUMMER.

AT noon I range, equipped with scrip and crook,
 The holt for nuts, or con reclined at ease
 In the cool shadow of gigantic trees,
 Haunted for ages by the social rook,
 The legends strange of Spenser's tuneful book,
 Or mark the soaring hawk by slow degrees
 Melt in the cloudless blue, or watch the bees,
 Discourse and labor in their chosen nook :
 Or, if the ardent south breathes fervid heat,
 The swimmer's art my limbs with joy essay,
 Where bending willows o'er the brooklet meet,
 And rapid swirls clean beds of grit betray,
 And salooks sweet their crimson foreheads show,
 Mid pliant canes with plumes like virgin snow.

LXIV.

SONNET.

THOUGH far mid glens, with massive boulders
 strown,

Where thick at morn and eve the white mists brood,
 Hemmed in by roaring stream and sombre wood,
 The blue-eyed Goorkhā dwells in peace alone ;
 Yet is he pleased at times, when winter's flowp,

 To saunter leisurely in cheerful mood

Where Nynce Thal receives its vassal flood,
 To view the peaceful church with vines o'ergrown,
 The trembling lake, and strips of natural lawn,
 Where the tired herd-boy pipes in careless ease,
 The Christian tombs with tufts of eyebright
 crowned,

The pastor's cottage and trim garden-ground,
 And English farms in lonely dells withdrawn,

And small white homesteads screened by leafy trees

LXV.

SONNET.

SOURCE OF THE SONE.

As closely sheltered as a land-locked bay
 Yawns the deep dell, whence slips like crystal
 clear,

The infant Sone, to speed past blocks austere,
 And scarf green-bosomed slopes in wanton play ;
 No log-built cabins lurk, no shepherds stray
 In this weird rift. The wood that guards its rear
 Seems a fit spot for cold remorseless Fear
 To ambush in, bewildered Hope to slay :
 And though at noon it hears from glens afar,
 The peasant's shout, and sounding timber-wain,
 Yet when meek Eve illumes the folding star,
 Profoundest silence claims her right to reign
 In every nook, save those where bats let fall,
 With short shrill cry, the ripened sâl seed-ball.

I XVI

SONNET

WHEN wreaths of vapour o'er the brooklet fly,
And on its border steep unhurt by glare,
The wild dhatura to the fainting air,
Its chiselled cup of stainless white lifts high,
When keen-eyed owls on noiseless wings go by,
And gnats remonstrate round my garden chair,
Behind those trees that skirt the pastures bare,
A circlet bright of lurid light I spy ;
Is it a village forge ? or watch-fire lit
By careful herdsmen to protect their charge ?
Or pyre of faggots round which gipsies sit ?
Or fisher's beacon on the river's marge ?
I know not, but for years I nightly mark
That point of lurid light against the dark.

SONNET.

LXVII.

SONNET.

SOME trees there are whose growth can never fade,
Whom nor the woodman's axe nor time can
harm ;

Around their trunks is woven such a charm
Of potent memories. An umbrageous shade
Is ever theirs ; they stand in green arrayed ;
In frosty winter, as when skies are warm ;
The levin bolt and tempest's wild alarm
Their interlacing branches ne'er upbraid,
Witness the sycamore where Zaccheus sate ;
The four fraternal yews of Borrowdale ;
The wind-saluted fig by Ilium's gate ;
The oak where Charles—a weary wight and pale—
Safe from the sullen Roundhead's deadly hate,
Was lulled to sleep by autumn's whispering gale.

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LXVIII.

SONNET.

SACOONTALA.

TO him who plods, with weary steps and slow,
Through antique tomes, how fresh these pages
seem !

Not fresher in the wilderness the gleam
Of the cool fountain, round which date-palms grow,
And purple stonecrops in rich masses glow,
' To the worn pilgrim, when the noonday beam
Smites with relentless rage, the jaded team
Of camels that he leads, with head bent low :—
He reads, and summoned by the verse appear
The lowly hermitage, and garden small,
Smooth lawns, that slope down to the brooklet clear,
Bright plots of yellow corn 'mid forests tall,
And peerless maids, in robes of bark that bear
The osier basket, heaped with fruitage rare.

LXIX.

SONNET.

1871.

O EVER first to quell presumptuous pride,
To dare the despot's wrath and bar his way,
The impious foes of liberty to slay,—
Of stainless honour, and of valor tried,
O high-souled France! in sadness turn aside
From the rude world, in this thy evil day,
Bend low the knee to God, and weep and say,—
Thou art my Help, my Confidence and Guide:
'Tis writ, the king who smote Jehovah's foes
With a continual stroke, who in His sight
Was the Great Hammer of the earth, arose
From his sad fall arrayed with heavenly might;
Therefore bend low the knee—lift up the eye,
Plead with thy God, O France!—thou canst not die.

LXX.

SONNET.

TO A DOVL.

FAIR haunter of the gloomy banyan's bough,
Whose presence tells that cloudless skies are
near,

That soon the husbandman with carol clear,
And " shining morning face " shall guide the plough,
Dull must the mortal be, and harsh I trow,

Who dreams no dreams,,whom no illusions cheer
At thy approach, who feels no happy tear
Bedew his eyes, no flush on cheek and brow !
For me, this morn thy murmur like a spell,

Blots from my eyes the shady banyan-tree,
I see instead, the billows sink and swell,

The Ark slow drifting o'er a shoreless sea,
And thy progenitor its weary way,
Winging in silence with an olive spray.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ON AN OLD ROMAUNT.

WHEN the night is dark and dreary, and the north-
wind whistles shrill,
And the snow storm drives in fury down the plain
beneath the hill,
Like the necromancer's mirror, when his magic
perfumes burn,
Mocking Time, these curious volumes make the
glorious Past return.

Fast as ripples on the river, or cloud-shadows on the
grass,
As I read their quaint oldpages, down my curtained
chamber pass,
Mired priest, and hospitaller, armed and mounted for
the fray,
Bands of bronzed condottieri, maidens fair as laughing
May.

ON AN OLD ROMAUNT.

—♦—♦—♦—

WHEN the night is dark and dreary, and the north-
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chamber pass,
Mitred priest, and hospitaller, armed and mounted for
the fray,
Bands of bronzed condottieri, maidens fair as laughing
May.

All that fancy loves to cherish, of the grand old feud
times,
Palmer guides, and weary pilgrims, wending hom
from distant climes,
Trembling Jews with jewel caskets, border chiefs w
own no law,
Quivered bands of merry archers, mustered on t
'greené shaw.'

Norman holds, embattled belfrys, gyves, and chair
and dungeons dim,
Winding stairs and blazing beacons, ancient arr
grotesque and grim,
Pensive nuns, in quest of simples, in the lowly m
night hoar,
Adepts o'er alembics chanting uncouth rhymes
mystic power.

Foreign marts, Venetian Doges, bales of preck
merchandise,
Stately streets in Flemish citics, burgher crowds
peaceful guise,

Mighty dukes by guards attended, foresters in kirtles
green,
Silver fonts and flaring tapers, ladies sheathed in jewel
sheen.

Moorish forts in far Granada, portals barred and tur-
bans blue,
Gardens green as blissful Eden, crystal fountains fair
to view,
Divans in the proud Alhambra, fairy mosques of
Parian stone,
Groups of Moors and whiskered Spaniards, tilting
round the Soldan's throne.

And enrapt I gaze in silence, like a child before a
show,
Headless in my joy and wonder, how the golden
moments flow,
Till the cock's shrill ringing clarion breaks the spell
and clears the air,
And I find me silent seated in my old accustomed
chair

All that fancy loves to cherish, of the grand old feudal
times,
Palmer guides, and weary pilgrims, wending home
from distant climes,
Trembling Jews with jewel caskets, border chiefs who
own no law,
Quivered bands of merry archers, mustered on the
'greené shaw'

Norman holds, embattled belfrys, gyves, and chains,
and dungeons dim,
Winding stairs and blazing beacons, ancient arms
grotesque and grim,
Pensive nuns, in quest of simples, in the lowly mid-
night hour,
Adepts o'er alembics chanting uncouth rhymes of
mystic power.

Foreign marts, Venetian Doges, bales of precious
merchandise,
Stately streets in Flemish cities, burgher ~~crowds~~ in
peaceful guise,

Mighty dukes by guards attended, foresters in kirtles
green,
silver fonts and flaring tapers, ladies sheathed in jewels
sheen.

Moorish forts in far Granada, portals barred and tur-
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Gardens green as blissful Eden, crystal fountains fair
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and clears the air,
And I find me silent seated in my old accustomed
chair.

ABSENCE.

I.

WHEN larks are shrilling overhead
And dewdrops gem each spray,
When o'er the garden's trim-kept walks
The perfumed breezes play,
When morning floods with light the slope
Behind the chestnut tree,
I lean against its massy trunk,
And think, my love, of thee.

2.

At noon, when fierce September's sun
Is blazing in the sky,
And 'neath a golden haze our pools
And rose-beds quivering lie,
I muse upon the happy hours
Last autumn when with thee
In careless mood the fields I strayed,
An angler blithe and free.

3.

When faintly shines the evening star
 Upon our native vale,
And o'er its roof of roseate sky
 The dark rooks slowly sail,
When wains with rich sheaves loaded pass
 The ford beneath the hill,
And shout and merry song are heard,
 My thoughts are with thee still

4

When darkness wraps our lowly farm,
 And silence reigns profound,
And merry elves in laughing groups
 The old oak's bole surround,
In peaceful sleep, with lightning speed
 I traverse land and sea,
And view in dreams thy fairy form,
 And converse hold with thee.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

THE STRAITS OF JUBAL.

"And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke.

Exodus 19, 18.

1.

AN ardent sun blazed fierce at noon,
When from the deck I saw,
The holy mount loom on the right,
Where Israel heard the Law.

2.

No cloud obscured the crystal sky,
In dazzling beauty spread,
Like some vast temple's shining dome,
Above its sacred head.

3.

But one dark horn that seemed a speck,
Against the vault profound,
With out-stretched wings and forward neck,
Wheeled slowly round and round.

4.

The air was dry, the sea was calm,
 The coast so flat and dear,
 My naked eyes with ease surveyed,
 The landscape far and near.

5

The pebbles on the water's marge,
 The wide expanse of sand,
 The lone Bedouin that rode afar,
 With shouldered spear and brand

6

I gazed, and by the scene inspired,
 My heart recalled the time,
 When God himself to mortal men,
 Proclaimed his code sublime.

7.

When Sinai's top was all aflame,
 And wreaths of lurid smoke,
 As from a crater's heated mouth,
 Adown its bosom broke.

8.

When on the trackless thirsty waste,
Untenanted and bare,
Long lines of tents in order stood,
And pennons streamed in air.

9.

When for the stillness deep and drear
So oft in deserts found,
Were heard the tread of armed feet,
And shouts of deafening sound.

10.

The ship sailed on, beneath the swell
Mount Sinai passed away,
But in my spirit lingers yet,
The awe I felt that day.

THE SOONDERBUNS.

— ♦ —

IN the wild district where the Ganges pours
Its lavish waters by a hundred mouths
Into the bosom of the sounding sea,
Are plains, like prairies, of enormous length,
Adorned with ancient trees of stately growth,—
And shady coverts of white-tasselled cane,
In which, defended from the noonday heat,
The mighty monarchs of the waste repose,—
And shallow pools where wild fowl pluck in sport,
The fragrant spathes of blossoms rich that deck,
The hardy creepers that delight in swamps,—
And leagues of woodlands sparsely scattered o'er
With mat-fenced villages,—and seaward slopes,
As smooth and verdant as a billiard board,
O'er which unnumbered troops of nimble deer
Range undisturbed,—and fens whose sluggish streams
With mazy error twist ten thousand ways,—
And dreary moors where naught the stillness breaks

Except the eagle's scream, the bittern's boom,
Or yet the sullen tiger's hoarse, "ragum."
Although no hills diversify its face,
Or swelling uplands crowned with hamlets white,
Or babbling rills with banks of splintered rock,
Or foaming water-breaks o'er which the ash
Inclines its graceful arms, or brooklets keen,
With beds of gravel like new minted gold
The chosen play ground of the lusty trout,
Or winding dells that half unwillingly
Reveal the gabled roofs of dairy farms,
Or vast cathedrals with elm-guarded spires,
Or modest manses amid bright parterres,
Or high-walled orchards, where on mossy trees
Defended safely from the jay with nets
The black-heart darkens in the genial sun,—
Yet has this delta an inherent grace,
An unsophisticated loveliness,
And rustic glory not to be surpassed.

Its dented coast line to the stranger yields,
On his first journey to Bengal by sea,
A sight as beautiful as that which greets

The sailor in the channel, when he makes
The shores of England near the Isle of Wight,
For when half hopefully and half afraid,
He scans with stedfast gaze the goal at last,
Delightful slopes green to the water's edge,
And lofty trees, that viewed from ocean seem
Arranged to screen the windows of a pile,
(The castled dwelling of some mighty earl,)
From the rude fury of the wild sea blast
Enchant his soul, and as the ship draws near
The herds of antlered deer that haunt the coast
Rivet his fancy, and still fan the dream
The waste before him is a mighty park
And if perchance his eyes one moment miss,
The gentle uplands and the white chalk cliffs,
That loss at once the graceful palm atones,
With its rich tuft of leaves like drooping plumes,
, 'And clusters strange of green and golden nuts.

Landwards the sylvan solitude affords,
To him who slowly follows in a boat,
The lazy mazes of its tidal streams
In shrewd November, that delicious draught

Of genuine pleasure, that rewards the toil
Of keen explorers in the favored parts
Of Brazil or Australia or the Cape :
Whether he glide by clearances where yet
The rifted roots of giant trunks attest
The squatter's toil, or watch at morn the smoke
Curl upwards from the leaf-fed forest fire,—
Or mooring fast his cumbrous vessel chase
In a light skiff, on some lagoon immense,
The countless swarms of wild ducks that infest
The land-locked inlets edged with graceful reeds,—
Or by a rustic weir of mats and stakes
Assist the fisher, and with lusty arm
Drag up his net, that oft has fish enough
To fill a barrel,—or in jungle deep,
Where not one single sign of man appears,
(Not e'en a rude built trap of unbarked logs
Of knotted soondri, ponderous as lead,
Among the thickets on the river's brink,)
At shut of eve, while on the cabin roof
His haunch of ven deer smokes "mid charcoal gleams
Prepare to anchor for the night his craft.

THE NEEM TREE.

THE withered Neem that stands forlorn,
Beside the house where I was born,
Is dearer to my heart,
Than every tree that wins from air,
Fresh leaves to clothe its branches bare,
When frosty days depart
With more than e'en a wizard's might,
It dissipates the cheerless night,
That clings around the past,
And paints old scenes with lustrous hues,
As pure as those that frozen dews,
Or pendent crystals cast.
Beneath its forks grotesque and rude,
My youthful sisters rendezvoused,
With laughter-lightened eyes,
And seemed, while waved their airy swing,
Like doves that tried with fearless wing,
To penetrate the skies.

It saw my mother as a bride,
Come home to bless the old fireside,
 With soul imbued with love,
And witnessed too the mournful day,
In which her spirit passed away,
 . To join the blest above.

When timid peasants quaked for fear
Of harm, to herds that pastured near,
 As soon as twilight died,
And scarce a furlong from' the door,
In careless freedom stalked the boar,
 O'er heath and marish wide.

It cheered my grandsire's infancy,
And flung about him playfully,
 Its wealth of berries bright,
Whene'er the gentle south-west breeze,
(Meek rover of the woods and seas,)
 Brushed by on pinions light.

THE BRIQUET.

I TREASURE with entire content,
 This rudely fashioned implement,
 Of shape uncouth and queer,—
 This ram of steel which boldly smites
 The flint adjacent and ignites
 A slip of touchwood sere.
 It is an old and faithful friend,
 A minister that strives to mend,
 Where'er I choose to go,
 Those evils that fatigue and night,
 (Grim tyrants of portentous might,)
 About my footsteps sow.
 A hundred times with this small thing,
 I've camped beside the haunted spring
 That feeds the Foolaree,
 And lit at eve my lonely fire,
 Where Bhutan's peaks to heaven aspire,
 Or Saugor hugs the sea.

THE BAT.

— — — — —

A CROSS the river's tranquil breast,
When day has faded from the west,
The bat, a brigand hold,
From its lone fastness comes to steal,
My betel-nuts whose rinds reveal,
Red spots and streaks of gold.

I hear it brush the leaf-stalks dry,
Or stir the nuts, or shriek, or sigh
All through the livelong night,
And sometimes see a wing or ear,
Against the moon's bright disc appear,
Then vanish out of sight.

It eats my fairest nuts, yet still,
I bear nor anger nor ill will,
Against it is my heart,
But wish the Fates would never cease,
To let it search my trees in peace,
And filled with food depart.

SHADOWS.



I LOVE the uncouth shadows,
The figures quaint that run,
By bush and hedge when cattle,
Pass homewards in the sun.

The shadows cast at sunrise,
By slanting rock and tree,
On lucid pools that tremble,
My heart leaps up to see.

But most I prize the shadows,
Which Emma's fingers slight,
For laughing children fashion,
With subtle skill at night.

When bright the candle ^{*}shimmers
And treble voices call,
For gargoyles on the cornice,
And rabbits on the wall.

A CHARADE.

I.

BEFORE my First with horse and foot,
The Duke in leaguer lay,
Huge cannons crowned the slopes around,
And cruisers watched the bay ;
For though the foe was stout of heart,
The ramparts strong and high,
His Grace had vowed a solemn vow ;
To conquer or to die.

2.

My Second heard the volunteers
Receive the word to form,
To spring the mine, to launch the bridge,
And win the breach by storm ;
Her nimble hand on sky and air
Had flung a sable pall,
But soon a lurid light illumed
The camp and crowded wall.

3

When Rumour bore on rushing wings

• The startling news to town,

The sheriffs to the victor sent

A wreath and mural crown ,

And let the bonfires blaze, they said,

And let the church bells toll,

Right valiantly the host hath won

My first within my whole !

STANZAS.

SHE stood upon a turret high
To view the deadly fray,
Her dark eyes shaded by her hand,
Her locks in disarray,
And close beside her knelt her son,
His cheeks with roses spread,
The while a burning western sky
Its radiance o'er them shed.

A thousand spears were glancing bright,
And plumes and flags below
Were streaming in the evening breeze
Beneath that golden glow ;
And blinding was the rocket's flash,
And loud the cannon's roar.
And distant shouts were frequent heard
Like waves upon the shore.

Intent she looked—her husband's form
Where fiercest raged the fight,
Where heaviest hung the lurid smoke,
Absorbed her aching sight ;
A sash of blue was on his breast,
The symbol of command,
Albania's chosen chief, he led
That day the Christian band

' Mark, mother, mark, my father's plume
Waves proudly, in the air,
Oh ! if my arm could wield the glaive,
His peril I would share,
And side by side from foreign yoke
Defend our natal sod,
Or die a faithful Christian knight
For country and for God

' I see, I see his manly form
Between the closing lines,
A massive cross of burnished gold
Upon his helmet shines ;

He waves his sword, in all the host

The bravest knight is he ! ’

The high-souled sinless child exclaimed

With artless ecstasy.

‘ Hush, Lyra, hush ! dost hear that shout,

That echoing trumpet bray ?

The Moslem comes, as comes the storm—

Our bravest bands give way ;

The foremost warriors on our side

Are swept like foam-flakes down,

The foe assails our front and flank,

‘ Thy father fights alone.’

She saw him fall—she clasped her hands—

A haze came o’er her eyes .

That night Albania’s chieftain met

His spouse in Paradise

And firm in faith, though sorely tried,

Before a month had closed,

Upon the noble orphan’s brow

The martyr’s crown reposed.

THE FRUIT STALL. †

THE Indian fruit stall is in sooth,
A lowly unpretending booth
Of mats and bamboo spars,
That shelters from the noontide heat,
Fresh stores arranged in baskets neat,
And porous water jars.
Against a betel-palm or tree
That half way up is quite as free,
From boughs and awkward knots,
It leans where'er the roadway glides,
Through lonesome lanes with bosky side
Or houseless open plots.
Oft on its roof a gourd displays
Its lavish wealth of leaves and sprays,
And blossoms bright as gold,
Such as once flung a grateful shade
O'er wrathful Jonah when he prayed,
For death in days of old.

The nymph who reigns supreme within,
Whose mingled zeal and courtesy win

The woodman's earnest thanks,
Is shapely as the slender reed
That oscillates on marshy mead,
Or tarn with broken banks.

Sweet roots her bounteous hand supplies,
And berries of the richest dyes,

With caltrops of the pool,
Bannanas clad in russet vest,
And juicy canes with verdant crest,
That taste so crisp and cool.

c

And oh' the water that she draws
For those who at the doorway pause,

At noon, is so divine,
So soft, so pure, that it could make
Silenus' self with joy forsake,
The goblet crowned with wine.

THE WINDOW.

THOUGH long by potent sickness bound,
 I range no more with hawk and hound,
 The breezy woods all day,
 The golden moments still impart
 To me, serenity of heart,
 Untempered by dismay.

My window opens to the west,
 Upon a lucid stream, whose breast
 In width exceeds a mile,
 And fairy groups of villas new,
 White mosques and plains of russet hue,
 That wear a cheerful smile.

And calmly through the sashes wide,
 I watch the kiln-men side by side
 Toil steadfastly as bees,
 Amid light wreaths of smoke that rise,
 And hang against the cloudless skies,
 Like flags that flout the breeze :

Or bamboo-masted river barge,
Of uncouth shape but frame-work large,
Which slowly journeys down,
With earthen jugs fresh baked and bright,
Packed close in crates of structure light,
To seek the distant town :

Or that green haunt of songsters sweet,
The banyan-tree beneath my feet,
That rains delicious shade,
To chequer steps of smoothest stone,
Where jar in hand comes oft alone,
The graceful village maid .

Or yet, the lonely torch at night,
That sends a shaft of ruddy light,
Upon the darkened panes,
From out the bark that fishers steer,
By bosky banks with songs so clear,
That echo learns the strains.

THE LAMP.



ALIKE from every place,—if lit,—
Or cot or casement high,
When waves are rough and winds chide loud,
And night obscures the sky,
The chamber lamp endows with peace,
The storm-tost sailor's breast,
And summons to his secret soul,
Sweet thoughts of home and rest ;—
Of rosy children round the board
With fragile china spread,—
Of fragrant urns,—and windows hung
With curtains white and red,—
Of happy groups in converse met
Before the blazing fire,—
Of music's airy blandishments
That heavenly joys inspire.

Nor less the hermit's humble lamp,
That lights the knee-worn cell,
And brass-bound Bible's ample page,
In some secluded dell,

Bespeaks a refuge safe to him,
Who rambles all forlorn,
Up tangled paths, or moonless woods
Heart-sick, athirst, and worn,

With visions of a bed of fern,
Within the sheltered nook,
And forest fruits, and pitchers filled
With water from the brook.

Emblem of star-crowned hope below !
Pure fountain of delight !
Blest be the brightly burning lamp,
That vivifies the night !

SOLITUDE.

NYMPH, upon whose forehead white
Gleams a wreath of snowdrops bright
Starred with specks of violets fair,
Meekly peeping here and there,
In the depths of whose clear eyes
Dainty sorrow slumbering lies,
With the new-born Spring come nigh,
Rescue me before I die.

From the city's noise and heat
Lead me to thy green retreat,
Where the wren securely lies,
Hid from prying schoolboys' eyes,
And the sleeping fields and leaves
Dream of Autumn's fruits and sheaves ;
Where from valleys far withdrawn,
Sunny slope and thymy lawn,
Bay of hounds and hunters' cheer,
Faintly fall upon the ear.

For the toil and ceaseless strife
Of a townsman's weary life
Tire my spirit and I droop,
Where my betters live in hope ;
I am old, oh, think with ruth
How I sought thy face in youth,
Nymph benign ! by hidden rills,
In dark lanes, among the hills,
By the plover's dank abode,
On the cheerless mountain road,
By the Banshee haunted'd fell,
When at lauds the convent bell,
Softly now,—now full and deep—
Wake the echoes from their sleep.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.



WHEN the rain has filled the lakelet,
And the wind is damp and chill,
When the bull-frogs croak in concert
With the night-jaar's "whip-poor-will."

When the clouds in fragments riven,
Drift like helmless ships on high,
And the stars like rushlights glimmer
From the windows of the sky.

When the fox with crafty caution,
(Pressed by hunger's urgent call),
Prowls to gain unseen a passage,
Through the henroost's creviced wall.

When the bat with flight erratic,
Wings in moonless woods his way,
While the breeze athwart the moorland
Faintly wafts the watch-dog's bay.

When the wild fowl flock in armies,
On the tender roots to feed,
Of the succulent marshmallows.
Mid the tangled tufts of weed.

Lightly then by broken hedgerows,
Over pools of slush and mire
On the banks of stagnant waters
Glides a glowing ball of fire.

If the maiden from her lattice,
Sees that fearful ball afar,
With a nervous haste her fingers,
Fasten straight the window bar.

While the moor-man as he flounders
Homewards o'er the yielding sod,
Eyes askance its baleful lustre,
And commends his soul to God.

THE SPARROW.



LET others praise the minstrel lark,
That springs while yet the east is dark
Or faintly streaked with grey,
From russet fields of ripened corn,
To pour before the car of morn,
Its soul enthralling lay :

Or robin brave that yearly shows,
When leafless woods are cloaked in snows,
Its breast suffused with red,
Beside the farmer's window pane,
And pipes from grateful hearts to gain,
Its mood of broken bread.

I feel no bashfulness to sing,
And laud the sparrow,—heedless thing,
That haunts the busy town,
Or underneath suburban eaves
Adorned with glossy ivy leaves,
Displays its plumage brown.

For what the daisy is, that glows
Like Nature's smile on lawn and close,
 To flowerets fair to sight,
The sparrow is, to little birds
(Believe a poet's plighted words,)
 With hearts and pinions light.

Where is the man who has not felt,
An ardent joy his spirit melt,
 Who long a helpless prey
To dire disease, has marked from bed,
On turf with dewdrops carpeted,
 The sparrow hard at play?

Its gambols chased away my tears,
When bitterly in youthful years,
 * I mourned a mother's loss,
And may it when my life is spent,
Come often to my monument,
 And perch upon the cross!

ELK LODGE.

ON famed Giridhi's bosky plain,
 Lashed sometimes by incessant rain,
 Begirt by blue-topped hills,—
 Whence pour, like arteries of light,
 Or scattered threads of purest white,
 A hundred lucid rills,

 Amid trim gardens that expose,
 The fragrant purple of the rose,
 And mignonette's rich bloom,—
 By gravel-paths kept clean with care,
 And mounds of stone that have for hair
 Delightful tufts of broom,—

 Ascends the lodge where I retire,
 In sylvan freedom to respire,
 And hear the wild buck bell,
 Whene'er the ardent summer heats,
 Force townsmen to desert the streets
 And seek the breezy fell.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

It is a wild but pleasant place,
Adorned with trophies of the chase,
 Ranged deftly round the hall,
Commixed with blades of burnished steel,
Light rods for fish with line and reel,
 And groups of lances tall.

Deer-skins for carpets hide its floors,
And tushes won from grisly boars,
 Above its fire-place frown,
Its hangings made of badger's hair,
Guard well the chambers from the air,
 When snows drift sharply down.

Nor drunkard's shout, nor newsboy's cry,
While in this nook secure I lie,
 Disturbs my tranquil ear,
The plunge of fish upon the stream,—
The sambur's bark,—the buzzard's scream,—
 Are all the sounds I hear.

SUNJOGTA.

‘**G**OD shield my king!’ the damsel said, and waved
her small white hand,
Her eye was soft, her brow was fair, none fairer in the
land,
And as, amazed, she wildly gazed upon the crowded
plain,
The tears rolled down her satin cheeks as fast as
wintry rain.’

On lucid Jumna’s grassy slopes, as far as eye could see
Like poppy stalks when summer smiles, stood Prithi’s
chivalry,
Ten thousand horsemen cased in mail that mocked
her dark eyes’ glance,
With aigrette and with snowy plume, with shield and
glittering lance.

Nor lacked there flags and castans gay ; a hundred
banners flew
O'er a hundred haughty barons, broad fringed with
gold and blue,
And though her eyes were filled with tears, yet clear
against the sky
A myriad scarfs, green, red and white, Sunjogta could
descry.

But o'er that sea of waving silks one glanced supremely
tall,
And o'er those files of glimmering crests one brighter
shone than all,
And when by trysting-troop and scour that flag and
crest swept by,
With loud acclaim young Prithi's name she heard the
people cry.

Her heart was sad, her spirits faint, and fearful was
the sight
Of spears in rest and prancing steeds and men in
armour dight,

But grief and fear she cast aside, and never ceased to
 pray
To Gouri's lord, when rung that shout, to guard her
 love alway.

When Ravce's flood with Moorish blood shall be red
 as the Uva flower
That in meek-eyed May blooms glossy gay beside the
 sacred bower,
Then, Siva, from the Moslem's hate protect our youth-
 ful king,
And gong and bell and wreathèd shell thy praise shall
 loudly ring.

FIRE HUNTERS.

THERE are no abler adepts in the art
Of woodcraft, than the gentle Gonds, who dwell
In the wild region where the mighty sâl,
The hardy salci, and Briarean saj,
O'erhung with creepers of enormous bulk,
Clothe the soft uplands, and the vales that lie
Round the head-waters of the rapid Sone.
Unused to agriculture, and devoid
Of e'en such lore as is required to rear
Cattle or sheep or poultry with success,
They look alone to what their woods supply,—
Gums, berries, honey, wholesome nuts and game,—
To meet their wants, and thus from youth become
Experienced trappers, wary, quick of eye,
And full of rare devices to ensnare,
The game that furnishes their fires with meat.

They often start at eve in knots of four,
Equipped with a slight pole of pliant wood,
From which as from a balance-beam depend

A heap of branches,—and an earthen jar
With blazing fagots piled of driest wood.
This strange machine, contrived with simple art,
To cast a flaring light upon the path,
The foremost hunter on his shoulder bears,
And while the second, as he jogs, oft shakes
•A rod of iron garnished with ten rings,
That jingle lightly like a bunch of keys,—
The hindmost follow with their hunting poles
Of toughened cane, six yards and more in length.

When near the covert side the jingling sound,
Excites the timid hare, (nay bolder game,)
To scour the precincts, and detect the cause :
It tempts the open, but the occult glare
Frustrates its purpose, and it stands agaze ;
Till a quick thwack ! delivered with just aim,
Cuts short its blank surprise and life at once.

If the sport lasts an hour or two, so rich
Are all the coverts of their woods in game,
The hunters come home with a varied bag
Of hares and porcupines and spotted deer.

A CHARADE.



O LADY ! cast my *all* away,
Thy baseless fears resign,
It is not meet misdeeming fears
Should mar a love like thine ,

Fears weaken more affection's flame
In woman's guileless breast,
Than e'er my *first* the morning light,
My *last* the bright steel crest.

Lord Lindsay's heart is thine alone,
The gray-haired minstrel swore
And fame reports that Allan Bane
Is versed in mystic lore.

Oh lady ! cast my *all* away,
Thy baseless fears resign,
It is not meet misdeeming fears
Should mar a love like thine.

STANZAS.

•

WHILN Twilight sheds her silver dew,
And robed in sombre vest,
Wipes slowly off with fingers cold,
The hues that tint the west.

The varied tones of Nature's voice
Yield pleasures rich to him,
Who wanders with attentive ear,
O'er field and pathway dim.

For black-plumed rooks that love to haunt,
The elms that guard the close,
Then choose with petulant debate,
Their places of repose.

And placid kine of fragrant breath,
That foldwards slowly go,
With udders fit to burst demand,
The pail with plaintive low.

And solemn owls that live retired
In clefts of aged trees,
Hoot loud to view the forest leaves
Dance lightly in the breeze.

And lazy crickets that at noon
Lie camped beneath the brake,
In eager haste on every side
Their cheerful song awake.

While like a tender message sent,
By angels from the sky,
To energise his faith in Him
Who reigns supreme on high :

The holy sound of vesper bell,
As fades the light away,
With gentle but resistless force,
Incites his heart to pray.

THE CHURCHYARD.

WHAT Faith! What Aspirations strong!
What Fortitude to baffle wrong!
What Love sincere and free!
In every place lie buried deep,
Where Youth and Age in peaceful sleep,
Await Eternity.

The fittest spot in which to muse,
Is that o'ercanopied by yews
Which guard the silent dead,
When Autumn hastens to its close,
And full-blown blossoms from the rose,
Discoloured leaflets shed.

When fitful gusts sweep o'er the wold,
And from the thickets touched with gold,
The pensive redbreast sighs,
And with his latest crop of hay,
The cumbrous waggon rolls away,
Beneath the moor-man's eyes.

When all around in earth and air,
Seems mellow, perfected, and fair
 And hints of calm decline,
When swallows dart with rapid flight,
And berries once like blood to sight,
 With darkened lustre shine.

For then the churchyard's peace imparts,
A consolation deep to hearts
 That welter on the wave
Of stormy Fate, or wild Mischance,
Or breast those frowns of Circumstance,
 Unknown beyond the grave :

And if by chance a mourner lone,
Sits down to contemplate a stone,
 With tender records fraught,
Or decks a cross with chaplets sweet,
Its fitness is made more complete,
 To soothe with solemn thought.

SEE-SAW.

MY friend, do you remember still
 The ivied church, the water-mill,
 That watched the meadows fair
 Adorned with lines of poplars white,
 And hay-ricks of imposing height,
 'Mid which we first drew air?

The humble shed beneath the oak,
 That sent a wreath of sable smoke,
 To climb the azure sky,
 And heard the brawny blacksmith sing
 What time he made the anvil ring,
 And sparks like lightnings fly?

And over all, the village school,
 In which beneath the gentle rule
 Of our good pastor's wife,
 We duly conned our A. B. C,
 And hoped to reach the rule of Three,
 Sometime in after life?

Upon the green before the door,
By Nature's bounty sprinkled o'er
 With pansies of bright hue,
How smooth appeared the plank, that lay
(Unmarred by knots that oft betray,
 Athwart the log of yew !

And what a crowd of rosy boys,
With happy hearts and cheerful noise,
 At 'play-time' gathered there,
To sit upon that plank and rise,
Then gently sink, as balance-wise
 It lightly swung ~~in~~ air !

All, all are gone, those children sweet,
(May theirs be Peace and Rest complete
 Beneath the dewy sod !—)
And we too wait the hour to go
And sleep contentedly below,
 Till called to meet our God.

THE MIRAGE.

LISTEN ! In simple patriarchal times
A mighty monarch reigned in Saligram,
Renowned for meekness and for noble deeds,
A faithful potentate, upon whose urn
That gracious record might have been impressed.
Which consecrates the votive tablet reared,
By the United States in gratitude,
Above the sepulchre of Washington ;
For he, if chronicles report aright,
Was by the public voice accounted first,
In war, in peace, and in the hearts of men.

This gifted paragon of kings designed
A stately villa where he could retire,—
The formal business of his kingdom o'er,—
And undistracted by the specious gauds,
And smooth temptations of the world that lead
E'en firm Philosophy astray, discharge,
With earnest love, and prompt self-sacrifice,
The graceful duties of domestic life.

He chose a valley in a lonely waste,
A bosky rift, uncultured and, forlorn,
With a keen brooklet racing through its rocks,
Fed by eternal snows on slopes afar,
And built across its breast a mighty wall,
Firm as the stedfast hills on either hand,
With giant blocks of stone, like those prepared
For the Great Temple, by King Solomon,
Or those that at this hour, transport with awe,
The gazer's spirit, mid the ruins hear
Of Baâlbek, Nineveh, or Babylon ;
And when the brook, obstructed by this wall.
Rose to the level of its top, and formed
A placid lakelet in the wilderness,
On a great central tumulus, that made
A fairy island, he laid out the walks
Of a large orchard, and bright pleasure grounds,
Graced with an edifice of rare device,
With carved pilasters, and slim minarets,
More lovely than the monumental pile
Fashioned long after, by the Great Mogul,
To witness to posterity his love,
And heart-felt sorrow for a peerless queen.

Green grassy lawns, clipped hedges, cypresses,
Broad flights of steps, smooth slopes and balustrades
Of whitest alabaster, gleamed to view
Amid the bushes of the isle, and palms,
With clusters rich of green and golden nuts,
Fringed the high banks, and mirrored in the lake,
Their polished columns crowned with foliage dark,
While fountains, statues, obelisks, and urns,
Made of the lone retreat a paradise,
Compared to which the gardens rare that once
Nebuchadnezzar on Euphrates' banks
Planned for the solace of the mountain girl
Nursed on the flowery lap of Caucasus,
Were but a wilderness devoid of grace,
And e'en that marvel of this later age,
The royal residence at Versailles,
The pride and glory of delightful France,
With its grand fountains and its bright parterres,
Its lordly terraces, its lawns, and woods,
Its choice array of ornamental plants,
An arid, dreary, and neglected waste.

Here lived the monarch when affairs of state

Gave respite brief at times, and here he died :
Tradition adds, that at his latest hour,
Ere his pure spirit left the earth, he prayed
To the All-Merciful, with lowly heart,
That the bright mansion he had built with care,
While with a father's love he ruled his realm,
Might not decay like all sublunar things.

Cycles of centuries have rolled away
Since this good prince's death, yet at this hour,
(Such is the might of heart-felt prayer to God)
His palace, with its minarets and dome,
His placid lake and stately pleasure grounds,
His fruit trees, laden with delicious fruit,
His statues, shrubberies, and marble urns,
His palms, his cypresses, and fountains fair,
Transplanted by the Hand Divine abide,
In the blest country that extends beyond
The pale of mortal and material things ;
And oft at noon 'tis given to faithful men,
As o'er the deserts brown they travel slow,
To view them hanging in the middle air,
And bless their first possessor's memory.

SAMARSI.

SAMARSI the bold is the pride of his clan,
But he owns not an acre in broad Rajasthan ;
Samarsi the bold is the hope of the true,
But his sporran is empty, his henchmen are few,
For the Moors o'er the Jumna in triumph have come,
And Samarsi the bold is an exile from home.

Though the Moslem now feasts in his hall and his
bower,
And the crescent flag flutters from temple and tower,
Though the chase and the forest, the pass and the
height,
Are watched by the soldiers by day and by night,
Samarsi the bold is as merry as when
His will was the law in his loved native glen.

For the roebuck still bounds by the dark haunted lake,
And the partridge still springs from the deep tangled
brake,

And the perch and the salmon in silv'ry shoals gleam,
At morning and noontide in pool and in stream,
And spite of their warders on hill and on plain,
Samarsi can harry his father's domain.

Though an outlaw decreed by the chiefs of the foe,
Samarsi has homage from high and from low,
For the copsewood is heavy by Saloombra park,
And the vale of Banmora at noontide is dark,
And he's ready, aye ready, right firmly to stand
By the wood or the pass with his sword in his hand.

In the cave of Pokurna, beneath the green hill,
Where the throstle keeps time to the soft-crooning rill,
Samarsi at nightfall, unknown to the Moor,
Lights his watch-fire in peace, when his labours are o'er,
And revels in freedom till morning again
Gives the signal to mount and ride down to the plain.

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